

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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VOL. V. NO. 5.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Special care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

G. BERNHEIMER & BROS.

LARGEST AND FINEST
DRY GOODS HOUSE,
IN QUINCY.

Invites you to
CALL WHEN IN THE CITY

—AND—
EXAMINE THEIR BEAUTIFUL
STOCK OF

BLACK SILK,
COLORED SILKS,
SATINS,
SATIN FOUILLARDS,
SUMMER SILKS,
CASHMERES

In black and colors. Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves
Parasols, Housekeeping goods, etc., etc.

Orders by Mail Promptly Filled. Sam-
sent on Application.

FIRST CLASS

DRESS MAKING DEPARTMENT

In connection with the House.

WEDDING TROUSERS

A SPECIALTY

G. BERNHEIMER & BROS.,

STRICTLY ONE PRICE HOUSE

407-409-HAMPSHIRE, ST.

QUINCY, ILLS.

J. STERN & SONS,

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,

425-35 Hampshire street,

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

510, Broadway, NEW YORK.

All goods sold at New York prices.

H. C. MILLER,

Manufacturer of

BAKING POWDER,

SPICE, EXTRACTS, PRESERVES, JELLIES,

ETC.,

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

Ask your jobber for my goods. They will make
money for you and please your customers.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,

BRASS FOUNDER,

MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER,

Third and Main Streets,

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

All work guaranteed satisfactory or no pay. Cash
paid for old copper, brass, zinc and lead.

H. C. NICHOLS,

LAW AND REAL ESTATE,

56 Main Street,

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,

Manufacturers of

IRON HOUSE FRONTS,

—and—

ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,

Quincy, Illinois.

Corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

J. H. MICHELMANN,

Manufacturer of all kinds of

STEAM BOILER

Coal Oil, Lard and Water Tanks,

Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,

Also all kinds of Iron Work, Smoke Stacks and
Bridges. Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly
attended to. Second hand machinery always on hand.
Corner Spring and See Streets.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

Established 1853.

EBER & WALTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER,

SEEDS,

Agents for Calumet and Michigan Fruit Boxes. 530
Hampshire street, QUINCY, ILL.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

HOUSE FURNISHING,

—I can furnish—

*PARLOR, SITTING ROOM, BED ROOM,
and Kitchen complete, with Furniture, Carpets,
Stoves, Queensware and every article needed from
cellar to garret. The only house of the kind in
Quincy. I can save you money and time and
you can sell your goods to your profit. Special
prices on complete outfits.

D. DEVOL,
421 Main street, Quincy, Ill.

THE GEM CITY FILE WORKS,

A. C. BICKHAUS,

Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of hand
and machine cut

FILES AND RAFFS,

Old Files and Raps re-cut, saws ground, grinding
done to order and all work warranted.

Factory, 118, Broadway, Quincy, Ill.

D. R. W. THOMPSON,

DENTIST.

QUINCY, ILL.

OFFICE—21 North Fifth Street, Over Parkhurst's
Store.

HARVEY CHATTEN,

ARCHITECT,

QUINCY, ILL.

Plans and Specifications furnished for all classes
of work and promptly attended to and satisfaction
guaranteed. Correspondence solicited.

DR. R. WOODS,

OCULIST.

25 North Fifth Street,
Quincy, Ills.

Hours, 9 to 12 M., 2 to 5 P. M.

P. C. CLAYBERG, M. D.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

OFFICE—MORRIS—5 to 10 A. M., 1 to 4, and 7 to 9 P. M.
Office, 21 North Fifth Street and residence 25 North
Fifth Street.

Written for the Graphic.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOUND ON THE FIELD.

Even as the two men, Herbert and

Bionville gazed into each other's eyes,

ready to parry or thrust, there came a

sudden explosion, louder and more

terrible than the ordinary sounds of

battle. Men paused in their deadly

work to see what new horror had

transpired. A heavily laden caisson

abandoned by the battery which had

recently occupied the ground had

exploded. The earth fairly shook

with the force of the concussion; there

was a fierce jet of flame, a whirling

mass of broken timber, shot, shell,

arms, legs, and mutilated bodies of

men and horses; then a dense and

suffocating cloud of smoke settled over

the scene. When it cleared away the

struggling line of combatants were

gone. The confederates were in full

retreat and the boys in blue were driv-

ing them into the woods beyond the

old field—but Herbert Thornton their

gallant leader was not with them.

We must go back a little now to bring

up one of the neglected threads of our

story. Roland Sanford, and Harry

Olfant, found themselves assigned to

the same army corps, much to their

mutual satisfaction. Two campaigns

with the army of the Potomac, had

served to develop the metal and

manliness of each, and each had had

their baptism of danger and battle.

Roland was making steady progress

in military engineering and wore a

captain's shoulder straps while Harry

Olfant was already colonel of his reg-

iment when the order came transferring

them to the west. They bade Alice

and Octavia a hasty good bye as they

passed through Washington, and

Roland was sorely tempted to linger, a

day at least, but orders were impera-

tive. Thus it was, that their crops be-

came the last reserve at Champion

Hill, and Col. Olfant's regiment lay

just beyond the crest of a hill that

overlooked the fearful struggle in the

old field. Roland had ridden over to

the regiment and stood with Col. Ol-

fant viewing the contest.

"These western chaps know how to

fight," said Olfant handing Roland

the field glass.

Roland gazed intently at the seething

mass a few moments, without answer-

ing and then uttered an exclamation

of surprise and admiration.

"I would almost swear, I know that

officer who has engaged that confeder-

erate in personal combat. Look!

look! quickly colonel near the cen-

ter—Oh! My God! they are both

down, and the smoke covers the spot.

I must go to his rescue!" And Rol-

and started as if he would plunge into

the seething mass at once regardless of

the consequences. Olfant caught him

by the arm and stopped him.

"Hold, Roland, I cannot permit you

to go now. Wait a little. You have

no right to take such needless risk."

"But I know it is Herbert—Herbert

Thornton, my boyhood friend, and

Alice would not forgive me if I left

him there to die." Roland checked

himself as he saw a pallor overspread

the face of Col. Olfant. The latter

turned away a moment, then called an

orderly to him and said:

"Go tell Lieutenant-Colonel Smith

that I shall be absent and to take

command of the regiment and follow

the advance should I not return in

fifteen minutes."

Then turning to Roland, he said

quietly: "What you have said alters

the case. I will go with you, come

on."

The two men spurred into the thick

smoke of the battle ground, then dis-

mounted and grouped their way toward

the spot where they last saw the two

combatants. Roland was the first to

find the shattered debris of the caisson

and a few steps further on amid a pile

of dead and dying lay the object of

their search. The living line of men

had pressed further on, but the missiles

of battle were still flying about them.

They found the confederate captain

Bionville stone-dead, but still gasping

for his unheated sword; near by lay

Herbert, partially under his horse but

apparently untouched by bullet or shell.

He was insensible from the fall and his

left arm hung broken and limp at his

side. Before they could get him from

under the horse, they heard the cheers

of the victorious lines as they cleared

the field, and the patter of bullets

gradually ceased. Herbert was placed

in a comfortable position and while

Col. Olfant rode back to his com-

mand for help, Roland scrutinized

the dead confederate. He had seen

the man John Hewitt or Bionville, once

at Bartonville, and recognized him.

Roland knew nothing of Hewitt's later

history or rejection by Alice, and when

the detail came to bear Herbert back

to the field hospital, he directed them

to secure the dead officer's papers and

effects, with the view of returning them

to his family.

That night in Col. Olfant's tent the

two men examined the papers. First

came a captain's commission from the

confederate government and some

orders from regimental headquarters;

then in another package was found

memoranda of some sort of secret or-

der, evident to the Knights of the Golden

Circle with a list of Lodges and cir-

cles in the west and north.

"Worth saving!" said Col. Olfant's

comment as he laid them aside.

"Hold a minute, here's something

about Bartonville," said Roland. It

read:

"MEM. To the G. P. of the O. at

Hopkinsville. Confiscate and forward

all letters to Herbert Thornton post-

marked at Bartonville. Send to me as

G. C. C. care of this circle all letters

mailed by H. T. to Bartonville."

"Oh, Ho!" said Roland with a pro-

longed whistle. "Oh! the scamp. This

explains the mystery of Herbert's long

silence."

The next package was tied with a

bit of tape and labeled, "Particularly

private concerning H. and A."

Roland cut the cord and tore off the

outside wrapper. There were letters

from Herbert to Alice, and from Alice

and other Bartonville acquaintances to

Herbert.

Enclosed with these papers was a re-

port of the secret society at Hopkin-

sville narrating the steps taken to mob

and ruin Herbert, steps which, fortu-

nately never quite accomplished their

purpose as the reader already knows.

"I shall telegraph for 'sis' this very

night!" exclaimed Roland as he rose

from the examination of the papers.

"Do so," exclaimed Col. Olfant, "he

is a brave and noble fellow, and de-

serves Alice—and I believe she loves

him. I had—hoped but—Well, never

mind me, Roland. Go telegraph, and

by the way, better add for Octavia

to come, also; I am sure, she will be

needed."

That night the same wire that bore

the news of the victory of Champion

Hill to Washington also clicked the

following message:

"Herbert Thornton is found. Hurt

in battle, but not fatally. Come

and bring Octavia." ROLAND.

The Battle of Black River followed

hard on the heels of Champion Hill,

and there our gallant army secured the

door that shut in Pemberton and his

army at Vicksburg. Roland and Col.

Olfant did good service, both there

and in the weary siege that followed.

Roland found in the next eight weeks

ample work, which taxed his skill as an

engineer, in the gradual approaches

our lines made on the doomed city, yet

almost daily he managed to sit a few

moments at the bed side of Herbert.

He had been tossing with a fever ever

since the battle and had not yet recog-

n